

That Day

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Summary: Rumple has a request and the Doctor goes along with it.

Birthdays are of course special occasions.

That Day

So in celebration of the birthday of two of best actors that have graced our small and big screens, I've decided to post a chapter of my crossover fic as a one-shot because it's just the right time.

The full fic which I will be calling "Through the Vortex" will be posted during my fic updates that usually takes place in the first week of the month.

* * *

><p>"Just ask him."<p>

"I can't really just go up to him and ask him, Clara."

"Why not? I do it all the time."

The Doctor raised an eyebrow and decided to make his footsteps louder to alert his two companions of his arrival.

"Now's your chance," he heard Clara whisper and before Rumple could even reply he had arrived in the console room to see both his companions sitting on the stairs leading up to the upper levels of the console room, both holding cups of tea.

"Well I guess I'll see you next week then," said Clara, taking the cup from Rumple's hand and heading to the door. "Or when you have another crisis you can't solve without me."

The Doctor looked at her puzzled and she flashed him one of those sneaky smiles she reserved when she was planning something. She gave

a reassuring smile to Rumple and was out the door.

The Doctor turned to the console and pushed down the lever and they were out of Clara's flat and floating around the time vortex.

"So?"

Rumple bowed his head and sighed. "You heard?"

"The tail end of it," answered the Doctor turning to face his friend, arms crossed, and leaning his back to the console. "Where do you want to go? Don't say Storybrooke because I still haven't figured out how to breach that particular barrier."

"No it's not that," began Rumple, still not meeting the gaze of his friend. "It's going to be a bit tricky...I mean I don't particularly know myselfâ€|"

The Doctor was now extremely curious. Rumplestiltskin was a man he would classify as someone almost as smart as he was, given his long life. Although 9 centuries younger than him, the man was pretty well read and mainly because he taught himself and wanted to acquire as much knowledge as he could when he was able to.

"It's April 14 in Clara's time," began Rumple and at this he looked up at the Doctor. "April 14 was the birthday of my cursed persona. Don't really know why that particular date was chosen and it sort of got me thinking aboutâ€|"

The Doctor waited patiently, knowing full well what the request was in general, but he knew that Rumple was fighting with himself about the request. Rumple wasn't known to ask for other people's ask...or to ask for anything he wanted actually. His friend was always a bit shy and timid, always preferring to do things his way and not include anybody else.

He was new to the circumstance of relying on two people but he had to learn to adapt to it given the current situation he was in.

"I was wondering if you could take me to see my mother."

The words were spoken so softly and hurriedly that the Doctor almost didn't manage to hear it. He had to digest the words a bit and Rumple must have thought it was a rejection to the idea because he immediately stood and walked out of the console room.

"Forget I asked, it was a stupid idea," explained Rumple hurriedly and that finally snapped the Doctor out of his own thoughts and he managed to grab Rumple's arm.

"I think we can manage that," replied the Doctor with a smile.

"Really?" Rumple's voice and face betrayed how hopeful he felt and the Doctor didn't have the heart to give him the not messing with anything in the past lecture before going through anything. "But I have no idea what time it could possibly have been or where or-"

"Clara didn't explain at all?" asked the Doctor with a sly smile. Sure, leave it to Clara to explain how the TARDIS telepathic link worked. He motioned for Rumpel to stand where the circuits were in the console.

"Those connect you to the TARDIS telepathic link," explained the Doctor as Rumpel's hands hovered over the telepathic circuit. "Focus on your earliest memory, you can't actually remember it yourself but try and focus on your feelings as a baby, as a child...the feeling of dependence, the need for a mother's touch."

"And just focus on those?"

"Yup," replied the Doctor, popping the last syllable. "The TARDIS will do the rest."

Rumpel looked down at his hands then met the Doctor's eyes. "This is really going to work."

"Clara's done it before and it wasn't even her childhood because she was thinking about some other person and we went to his childhood," said the Doctor.

"But that was childhood...not at birthâ€|" began Rumpel, trying to make himself not hope that this could actually work.

"Rumpel," began the Doctor as he placed a hand on the man's shoulder. "You trust me right?"

"With my life," replied Rumpel without any hesitation.

"Then it'll work," said the Doctor with a smile that Rumpel couldn't help but copy. "Think about your mother...she'll do the rest."

Rumpel sighed and placed his hands to the TARDIS telepathic circuit. He closed his eyes and thought about any memory he had of his mother. Sure that also brought out some memories of Malcolm, but it was worth remembering if he could finally get a glimpse of the mother he never knew.

Rumpel couldn't explain it...but he had this distant memory. Well more of like a dream, really. He doesn't see much, only a bright light. But he does remember warm fingers caressing his cheek, a soft call of his name, a soothing voice telling him that everything was going to be alright.

He didn't know if that would work for the TARDIS or not but that's the memory he chose to focus on. He didn't know how long he stood there with his hands in the telepathic circuit but the Doctor's hand on his shoulder finally brought him out of his own mind.

The console was still. They hadn't moved. Rumpel couldn't look up and face-

"You were so focused you didn't notice that we took off and landed," came the cheeky explanation and Rumpel snapped his head up to meet the cheerful gaze of the Doctor, grinning broadly. He then shifted the screen so Rumpel could see it and true enough, they were in the Enchanted Forest but the date couldn't be determined.

"You ready?" asked the Doctor patiently, a tone Rumple has not heard from this particular face of the Doctor, but it was a welcome change as Rumple nodded at a lost for words. He was finally going to be able to put a face to the person he's dreamed of meeting his entire life.

The Doctor opened the TARDIS doors and Rumple felt the surge of magic go through him. Sure his magic was still sort of subdued, keeping it limited as to not let the curse get a hold of it, but being in a place filled with magical energy was still empowering.

"You alright?" asked the Doctor, seeing how the place had an effect on his friend. "Hearing anything?"

"No, everything's quiet," replied Rumple with a small smile. They have visited the Enchanted Forest before ever since he found his way back to the TARDIS and whatever the Doctor did seem to hold. The curse was locked up deep inside him by his own magical energy which is why he had limited power but it was a price he was more than welcome in paying to own his soul.

"Well come on then," motioned the Doctor as he went and explored the surrounding area where the TARDIS landed. "You might be entering this world as we speak."

Rumple stopped at that. He wouldn't want to see that. "Doctor, maybe this was a bad idea." He began. Sure he wanted to see what his mother looked like or even just put a face to the title but seeing her die giving birth to him was not something he had thought of. "No this was a stupid idea."

Rumple turned to see that the Doctor was already nowhere in site. Sighing, he walked towards the path he had last seen the Doctor heading and walked onward. But after a few more moments of walking, Rumple couldn't believe that the man had that of a head start. Sure the Doctor was a good foot taller than him but he couldn't have gone that far in a matter of seconds.

Rumple debated whether to head back to the TARDIS or to search for the Doctor with his magic. A simple tracking spell wouldn't be that taxing. Unlike the shield spell he had cast when they were being fired at by the Cybermen a few adventures ago.

Rumple turned and was about to head back to the TARDIS and maybe tinker with a few of the instruments there when he collided right smack into another person, sending both of them to the ground, Rumple gaining a scratch on his palm as he used his hands to stop his fall.

"Oh I am so sorry," they both started at the same time and Rumple turned to see the same pair of brown eyes looking right back at him.

"My apologies," began the woman as she straightened up and offered Rumple a hand. Being dumbstruck as he was, Rumple offered his injured hand much to the dismay of the woman. "You're hurt!"

The woman knelt down beside Rumple and studied his hand. Rumple finally swallowed the lump in his throat and managed, "Its nothing. I

should have watched where I was going."

"I doubt you would have seen me coming," replied the woman as she did not avert her gaze from his palm. It was just a scratch from the rocks on the ground but it did sting a little and the woman wrapped her own hand over his and a warm feeling wrapped itself around Rumple's entire arm, as their enclosed hands contained a bright light. The warm feeling faded just as the light in their hands did and the woman finally released him. "There all better."

Rumple studied his hand and turned to the woman again. "Thank you."

"You're most welcome," said the woman as she stood and offered him a hand again. "You should really get out of here. Judging by your clothes, you're not from around here and I wouldn't want you getting hurt again."

"Iâ€¦" began Rumple but the woman shook her head. "Thank you, again."

The woman studied him and Rumple wanted nothing else but to get away from her piercing gaze...a gaze that reminded him so much of when Bae or Henry would look at him with the same eyes.

The woman smiled and placed a hand on Rumple's arm, giving it a reassuring squeeze. "You may find this weird but I sense things...and whatever it is that's bothering you. It'll pass and you'll be alright."

Rumple's eyes widened and the woman just offered a him a reassuring smile.

"I don't know who you are," began the woman as she shifted her hand from his arm to cup his face. "But I just have this feeling, and in my family, that's something we take seriously." Her smile grew. "And I have a feeling I'll be seeing you again."

Somewhere magic shifted and Rumple felt it just as the woman did because her eyes grew worried and she turned to look at the previous direction of where the TARDIS was. "I have to go. Good luck with whatever it is." And before Rumple could even say anything else, the woman teleported in the midst of white and gold smoke.

"I'm no expert on family traits," said a voice behind him and Rumple turned to see the Doctor leaning against a tree. "But she looked a lot like you. Not pregnant though. TARDIS took us in someone's timeline alright...but not yours."

"My mother's," finished Rumple for him as he turned to the last spot where he last saw her. "I-"

There it was again. A shift in magic and Rumple didn't need to be told twice and he teleported both himself and the Doctor right in front of the TARDIS, the smaller man pushing the Doctor through it and shutting the door with a snap.

"What was that for? What happened?" asked the Doctor worriedly. The TARDIS immediately started dematerializing as soon as the doors were shut. She only did that when she sensed danger nearby.

"Magic, shift, powerful," managed Rumpel as he tried to catch his breath. A simple teleportation spell done in that haste would have been nothing if Rumpel had access to all his powers, but he didn't and he was a bit out of breath as he sat on one of the steps leading up to the upper floors of the console room.

"You alright?" asked the Doctor, moving to sit next to him.

"A bit overwhelmed," said Rumpel as he joined his hands together in front of him. He looked at his palm and tried to remember the feeling of her touch and her magic. He couldn't believe the fact that her mother had light magic...and his father turned out to be a villain. "She...well she was not what I was expecting but sheâ€|"

The Doctor raised his eyebrows in agreement as he gently slapped Rumpel's back. "So what else do you want to do birthday boy?"

"It's not really my birthday you know," said Rumpel, as the Doctor stood and went to push buttons after buttons on the TARDIS console. "Do you remember yours?"

"I don't even know my exact age, Rum," replied the Doctor. "But I did pick a date before...when Susan and I were on Earth and we stumbled upon those two high school teachers."

"Why did you chose that date?" asked Rumpel, still sitting on the step.

"Well you can say," began the Doctor turning to look at his friend. "It was the day that started out this whole travelling and adventure with human companions and protecting Earth. You can consider the day that I was truly born."

Rumpel chuckled at his friend's reasoning. "And what date is it?"

"November 23, 1963," replied the Doctor. "But April 14 isn't a bad date as well, you know."

Rumpel chuckled and finally got up to stand next to his friend. "Thank you for that."

"I think you need to thank her for that," said the Doctor. "I think you needed to hear what she said frankly and who better to tell you that things will be better than your own mother because at least her, you would believe."

Rumpel laughed, something he hadn't done much of since leaving Storybrooke but the Doctor was right. Whatever was going to happen to him now, things were looking better.

"Happy Birthday, my friend."

End
file.